


# Senior Book

1907

Simmons College







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# Senior Class Book

Simmons College

Boston, Massachusetts

1907.

Class Book Committee :

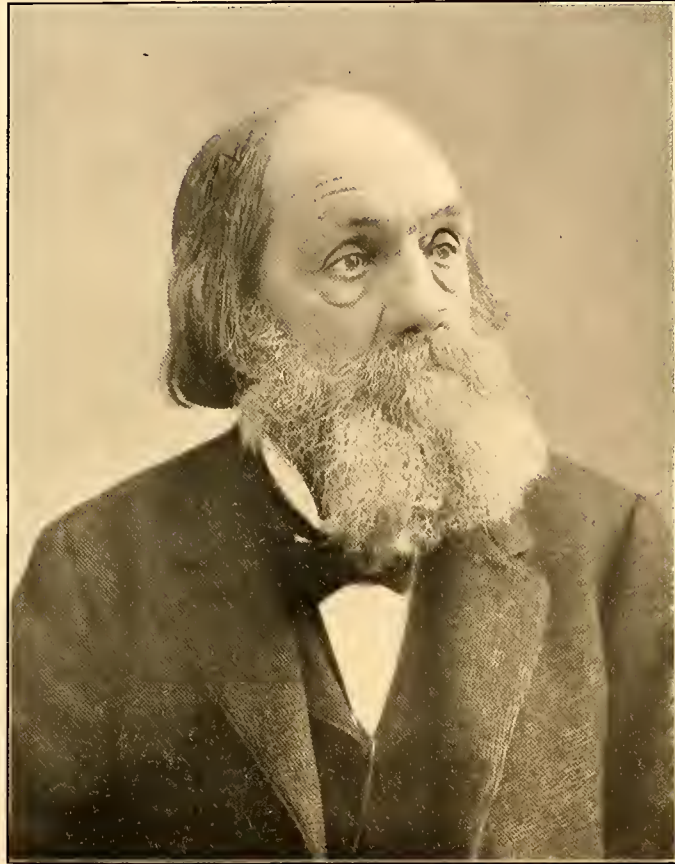
LENA E. LAWTON, *Chairman*  
STELLA DURRELL  
GRACE E. HOVEY

FRANCES K. McCAFFREY  
ALICE A. WOOD  
ETHEL G. WOOLDRIDGE

To the  
Reverend Edward Everett Hale

IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF  
HIS LIFE OF SERVICE, AND  
IN APPRECIATION FOR  
HIS FRIENDSHIP  
FOR AND INTEREST IN  
THE COLLEGE,

We Dedicate this Book.



DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

*The SENIOR BOOK.*

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I AM very glad to be counted in, in any way, as a member of the Senior Class of 1907. It is true that I am not a young woman—nor ever was; but it is also true that I remember very distinctly the day when I graduated. I knew much more then on some points than I know now. But, on the whole, I looked forward on life with the same curiosity and the same hopes which make life so well worth living to you girls.

I delivered the class poem on our Class Day. I said:

“ Brothers, we, too, are Freshmen  
Rudely hurled  
Upon the larger college of the world.”

And, after describing the chaotic conjectures of a Freshman as to College life, I remember the poem expressed the wish:

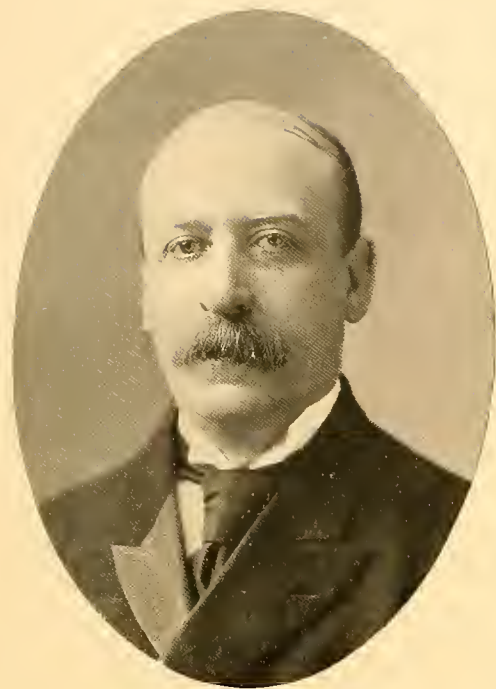
“ May each portent of sorrow that we view  
Prove like the Freshman’s—  
Fleeting and untrue.”

And then followed some very cheerful hope of what the larger college of the world might bring to us.

If I had Walker’s “Rhyiming Dictionary” here I could write this out for you in as good verses as I wrote then. But, as I have not, you must accept your old friend’s best wishes in prose.

Always truly yours,  
EDWARD E. HALE.  
1907.





PRESIDENT LEFAVOUR.



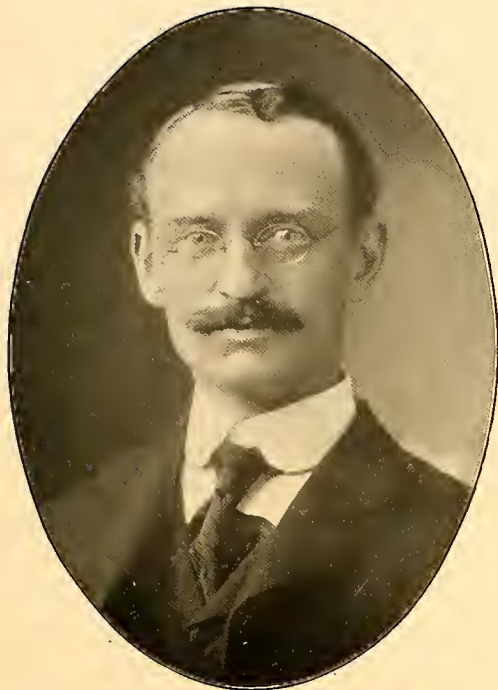
MISS SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD.



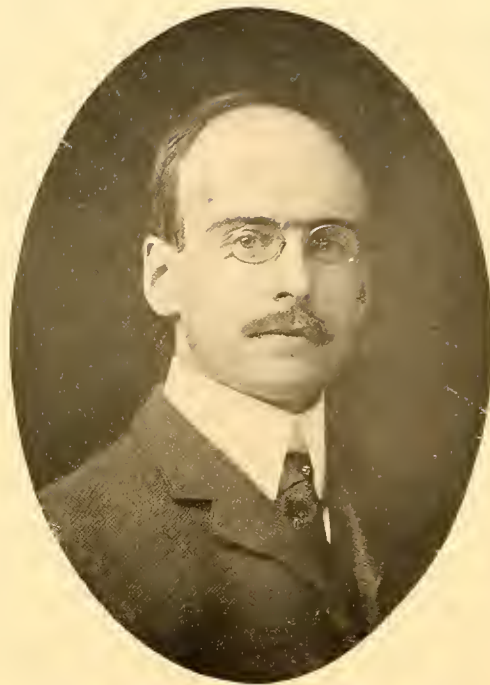
MRS. JOHN D. LONG.



MISS MARY E. ROBBINS.



DR. THEODORE HOUGH.



DR. FRANK E. FARLEY.

## A Farewell Message.

AN old, time-stained engraving, which I wish I might bring to you, pictures a mother standing in the doorway of a low, thatched cottage shading her eyes with her hand. She is gazing far down the narrow lane, hedged by its tall poplar trees, following with hungry longing the boy who is disappearing at the turning of the path. You know that, long after the youthful figure with its springing step passes out of the reach of the tear-dimmed eyes, the heart of the mother follows on—yes, never, never to turn back.

If one could paint the vision which the young heart sees so clearly, as the light steps go on, how full of courage, of hope, of enthusiasm it would be! For such courage, such hope, and such enthusiasm the world thanks God. Yet we know that the vision of the mother-heart is clearer yet, and that the eyes which are shaded by the wrinkled, toil-worn hand see farther than the undimmed gaze of youth. The prayer of the mother goes forth in abounding blessing to guide the unfearing feet in the untrodden path—a pillar of fire in the night of doubt or temptation, and in the fierce heat of the noon-day sun, a pillar of cloud with its beneficent and saving shade.

I have no doubt that you have already discerned my message, for it is not by accident that the College has been termed in gratitude the Alma Mater. The name has been earned by generous living and giving. The memories of the college days would have a different meaning were it not for the abiding spirit of loving kindness which watches over the growing lives of the sons and daughters.

So, as the mother speeds her boy upon his life-quest with brave words and reverent blessing, your College sends you forth. The turn of the road may hide you from her following eyes, but she will not forget you. She is still with you. Look back, as your path winds up the hill or dips down into the valley, and you shall still see the waiting figure in the doorway; or listen, in the hour of the twilight or in the hush of the early dawn, and you shall hear and understand her unflinching benediction.

*Sarah Louise Tenney*

## The Enduring Value of a College Course.

[TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF 1907.]

THE four years at a technological or professional school are frequently looked upon as if they were virtually the sole preparation for subsequent life. And yet, we all know of cases where graduates of these schools have found honorable, useful and successful careers quite different from those of their original choice. I know of two artists who graduated in engineering; and, although these are extreme cases, they illustrate the point that college work can, at best, prepare for the immediate future, and cannot possibly anticipate the needs of a lifetime.

In the trade school, the aim is to train the student to do one thing, and do it perfectly; in the academic college, it is the aim to give a general education without reference to any one line of professional work. Simmons College obviously stands between these extremes. It is a college by the terms of the charter, and that means that it is not a trade school. Like other colleges, it aims to broaden the possibilities of the intellectual life; but, at the same time, it prepares its graduates for some definite work in which they may engage immediately upon graduation. It gives them the "start in life." Probably, the majority of our graduates will continue in the work for which they have prepared with us; but, even when they do so continue, it will certainly be found that the demands of the work continually change, and that continued success will depend as much upon the power of adjustment, or adaptation to these changes, as upon the preparation



received within our doors.

In other words, the line too frequently drawn on Commencement Day between life's preparation and life's accomplishment is purely arbitrary, and, indeed, largely fanciful. Commencement Day is only a mile-stone in life's journey. Youth is not lacking in the element of achievement, and the third decade of life should prepare for the fourth just as truly as the second prepares for the third. In a very real sense, therefore, your days at Simmons College should be a prophecy of your later life, for these four years represent achievement at the same time that they have prepared for the immediate future. The strongest argument for technological education is that college life thereby becomes vitally continuous with subsequent life.

When, by your graceful act, I became an honorary member of the class of 1907, my thought at once went back to my under-graduate days at the Johns Hopkins University, twenty years ago, and I asked myself the question: "What did I acquire then which is of greatest service to me now?" One thinks at once of the memory of countless incidents, of the facts learned, of skill acquired, and of friendships which still persist. But a memory of the past is, after all, only a minor working asset of the present; of these facts which are in actual use to-day as many have been learned since graduation as before it; and of the friends, too many have all but disappeared from view, while others have been claimed by the great Reaper.

The enduring value of college life grows out of the training of the intellect, the acquaintance with literature, and, above all, the association with thoughtful people, whereby the ideals of the college become real and fixed as ideals of life. The college stands for the duty and the responsibility of accurate thinking, most clearly shown in the recognition of the distinction between fact and theory; for clear and accurate expression; for the conservation of the beautiful and true bequeathed by the past; and for the advancement of knowledge, especially as a guide in the conduct of life. These ideals may be only partially realized in college, and they are attained by many who have not gone to college; but the fact remains that college work, faithfully pursued, leads toward this goal.

The SENIOR BOOK.

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The fact that Simmons College is a technological school, so far from impairing the value of these college ideals, should serve only to make them more real; for an ideal is valuable to the individual and the community only as it expresses itself in action. You leave us with the technical equipment for a definite work, but in the doing of this work, you should see to it that your academic training tells to the utmost. By so doing, you will secure from these four years of college life their full contribution to that highest of all ends—the building up of “character.” For each one of you I can wish nothing better than that subsequent experience and continued growth will make you value these elements of character as the enduring and priceless gift of your college days to your subsequent life.

THEODORE HOUGH.

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“YESTERDAY is but a Dream,  
And To-morrow is only a Vision ;  
But To-DAY well lived, makes  
Every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness  
And every To-morrow a Vision of Hope ;  
Look well, therefore, to THIS DAY !”

—From the Sanskrit.

MRS. JOHN D. LONG.





## Officers of Instruction.

---

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*Professor of Chemistry.*

FRANK EDGAR FARLEY, PH.D.

*Professor of English.*

THEODORE HOUGH, PH.D.

*Professor of Biology and Director of the School of Science.*

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*Instructor in Library Science.*

\* Deceased.

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*Instructor in Chemistry.*

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*Lecturer on Architecture.*

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*Lecturer on Architecture.*

ABBY L. SARGENT.

(Reference Librarian, Medford Public Library.)

*Lecturer on Cutter Classification.*

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(Professor of Biology, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.)

*Lecturer on Sanitary Science.*

AMY M. SACKER.

*Lecturer on Decoration and Design.*

ALLEN WINCHESTER JACKSON.

*Lecturer on Architecture and Housebuilding.*

ANNA BARROWS.

*Lecturer on Household Economics.*

CAIRA DOUGLASS HAWKES, A.B.

*Assistant in Library Science.*

MARY BOSWORTH STOCKING.

*Assistant in Household Economics.*

MARY LOVINA CARPENTER.

*Assistant in Household Economics.*

MARY ELIZABETH BRADLEE.

*Assistant in Drawing and Design.*

BLANCHE LEONARD MORSE, A.B.

*Assistant in Drawing and Design.*

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**In Memoriam**

**Norman Fisher Hall**

June 11, 1878—September 5, 1906.

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*The* SENIOR BOOK.

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LOUISE FOWLER ALLEN.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Bethlehem, New Hampshire, February 4, 1883.

Attended Bradford Academy.

Address : 12 Balcarres Road, West Newton, Mass.

“I am small, but of some reputation.”



MINNIE LOUISE ALLEN.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Walpole, Massachusetts, April 21, 1884.

Attended Everett High School.

Address : 5 Eliot Place, Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts.

“Can one desire too much of a good thing ?”

*The* SENIOR BOOK.

---



GERTRUDE LEE ALLISON.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Woburn, Massachusetts, December 19, 1884.

Attended Woburn High School.

Address: 50 Winn Street, Woburn, Massachusetts.

“And, gentle in her manner,  
She does bold things in a quiet way.”



ROSAMOND AMES.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Salem, Massachusetts, September 20, 1881.

Attended Northfield Seminary.

Address: 49 High Street, Medford, Massachusetts.

“My book and heart  
Must never part.”

*The* SENIOR BOOK.

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RUTH MARY BARBER.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Allston, Massachusetts, May 19, 1886.

Attended Brighton High School.

Address : 21 Gardner Street, Allston, Massachusetts.

“I am resolved to grow fat,  
and look young till forty.”



ANNA WARE BARKER.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Wilmington, North Carolina, Dec. 15, 1882.

Attended MacDuffie School, Springfield, Massachusetts.

Address : 10 Church Street, Woburn, Massachusetts.

“Bid me discourse : I will enchant thine ear.”



*The* SENIOR BOOK.

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ELSIE FOSTER BEERS.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Bethel, Connecticut, November 1, 1879.

Attended Danbury High School.

Address : 11 Harmony Street, Danbury, Connecticut.

“ Nothing has such power to broaden the mind  
as the ability to investigate systematically.”



EMILY BODMAN.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Bement, Illinois, August 22, 1885.

Attended Central High School, Kansas City, Missouri.

Address : Siloam Springs, Arkansas.

“ She has a face like a benediction.”



*The* SENIOR BOOK.

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BESSIE MARION BROWN.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Rye Beach, New Hampshire, July 31, 1884.

Attended Newburyport High School.

Address: Rye Beach, New Hampshire.

“One science only will one genius fit:  
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.”



BERTHA CARNEGIE COUTTS.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Andover, Massachusetts, March 4, 1887.

Attended Punchard Free School.

Address: 34 Maple Avenue, Andover, Massachusetts.

“In her alone 'twas natural to please.”



EDITH CUMMINGS.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Boston, Massachusetts, March 12, 1884.

Attended Winchester High School.

Address : 6 Elmwood Ave., Winchester, Mass.

“Her pluck is exceeded only by her good nature.”



CLARE HAMILTON DANIELL.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Newton, Massachusetts, October 20, 1884.

Attended Weston High School.

Address : Kendal Green, Massachusetts.

“The glass of fashion and the mould of form :  
The observed of all observers.”



BESSIE MAY DOUGLAS.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Gardner, Massachusetts, May 11, 1885.

Attended Gardner High School.

Address: 104 Vernon Street, Gardner, Massachusetts.

“Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.”



ISABEL NEWTON DUNTON.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Athol, Massachusetts, February 26, 1885.

Attended Athol High School.

Address: 75 Ridge Ave., Athol, Massachusetts.

“From the crown of her head to the soles  
of her feet, she is all mirth.”

*The* SENIOR BOOK.

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STELLA MAY DURRELL.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Malden, Massachusetts, July 16, 1885.

Attended Melrose High School.

Address : 47 Porter Street, Melrose, Massachusetts.

“Infinite riches in a little room.”



MARION ROSS ELLIOTT.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Halifax, Nova Scotia, February 6, 1884.

Attended Belmont High School.

Address : 29 Myrtle Street, Belmont, Massachusetts.

“For my voice, I have lost it with hallowing  
and singing of anthems.”

*The* SENIOR BOOK.

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RUTH BLANCHARD GIBSON.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Roxbury, Massachusetts, December 5, 1885.

Attended Roxbury High School.

Address : 33 Highland Street, Roxbury, Mass.

“Exceedingly wise, fair spoken  
and persuasive.”



GERTRUDE MAY GREEN.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Lynn, Massachusetts, February 9, 1886.

Attended Lynn Classical High School.

Address : 249 Chatham Street, Lynn, Massachusetts.

“God’s mercy is upon the young ;  
God’s wisdom in the baby tongue.”

*The* SENIOR BOOK.

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MINNIE ELIZA HAGGETT.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Lynn, Massachusetts, September 28, 1886.

Attended Lynn Classical High School.

Address: 52 Pendexter Street, Lynn, Massachusetts.

“A merry mouth had she—  
Aye, and two twinkling eyes.”



HELEN EDITH HATCH.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Brockton, Massachusetts, November 28, 1884.

Attended Brockton High School.

Address: 49 Keith Ave., Campello, Massachusetts.

“Can the world buy such a jewel?”

*The* SENIOR BOOK.

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GRACE ELEANOR HOVEY.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Norwich, Connecticut, June 9, 1884.

Attended Norwich Free Academy.

Address: 6 Cliff Street, Norwich, Connecticut.

“The social smile, the sympathetic tear.”



ETHEL TRULL JAQUITH.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Billerica, Massachusetts, May 1, 1886.

Attended Billerica Howe High School.

Address: Billerica, Massachusetts.

“A little land well tilled,  
A little home well filled,  
A little wife well willed:  
These, indeed, are greatest riches.”



*The* SENIOR BOOK.

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LENA EMMA LAWTON.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Whitinsville, Massachusetts, May 6, 1885.

Attended Northbridge High School.

Address: 6 Forest Street, Whitinsville, Massachusetts.

“A little nonsense now and then,  
Is relished by the wisest men.”



FRANCES KATHERINE MCCAFFREY.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, October 25, 1884.

Attended Girls' High School, Boston.

Address: 155 Warren Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts.

“A sayer of smart things.”





ISABEL STEVENSON MONRO.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Wallace, Nova Scotia, October 6, 1885.

Attended Everett High School.

Address : Wallace, Nova Scotia.

“Give me a theme,” the little poet cried,

“And I will do my part.”



EDNA FRANCES MORRILL.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Chelsea, Massachusetts, March 26, 1885.

Attended Chelsea High School.

Address : 269 Washington Avenue, Chelsea, Mass.

“Let the world slide, let the world go—

A fig for care, and a fig for woe.”

*The* SENIOR BOOK.

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MARY LOUISE NEILL.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Lynn, Massachusetts, December 1, 1883.

Attended Lynn Classical High School.

Address: 27 Chatham Street, Lynn, Massachusetts.

“Silence has become her mother tongue.”



HELEN FAY NOON.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Newburyport, Massachusetts, March 22, 1886.

Attended Everett High School.

Address: 24 Henry Street, Everett, Massachusetts.

“The blossom, opening to the day,  
Could naught of purity display,  
To emulate her mind.”

*The* SENIOR BOOK.

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EDITH NOYES.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Auburndale, Massachusetts, March 4, 1884.

Attended Newton High School.

Address: 36 Empire Street, Allston, Massachusetts.

“She has many strings to her bow.”



JULIET CLARY PATTERSON.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Southboro, Massachusetts, July 27, 1867.

Attended Miss J. K. Abbott's Private School, Providence, R. I.

Address: 8 Montrose Street, Roxbury, Massachusetts.

“Enflamed with the study of learning  
and the administration of virtue.”

*The* SENIOR BOOK.

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RUTH MARION PETERS.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, November 19, 1886.

Attended Dorchester High School.

Address : 233 Hancock Street, Dorchester, Mass.

“There is great ability in knowing how  
to conceal one’s ability.”



INA M. SMALL.

Born at Boston, Massachusetts, April 5, 1885.

Attended Roxbury High School.

Address : Provincetown, Massachusetts.

“She has good points too numerous  
to mention.”



MILDRED THURSTON.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Worcester, Massachusetts, September 16, 1885.

Attended Worcester English High School.

Address : 48 Florence Street, Worcester, Mass.

“ You look wise—pray correct that error.”



ELIZABETH FRANCES UPHAM.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Boston, Massachusetts, August 1, 1886.

Attended Girls' High School, Boston.

Address : 2 Humphreys Place, Dorchester, Mass.

“ The clock upbraids me with loss of time.”

*The* SENIOR BOOK.

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HARRIOT WARE.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Hingham, Massachusetts, July 21, 1885.

Attended Derby Academy, Hingham.

Address: Hingham, Massachusetts.

“A penny for your thoughts.”



EDITH LUELLE WATSON.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Freeville, New York, August 15, 1883.

Attended Cushing Academy.

Address: 48 Union Street, Cortland, New York.

“But to see her, was to love her.”

*The* SENIOR BOOK.

---



ELLEN BRACKETT WHITE.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Groveton, New Hampshire, May 12, 1884.

Attended Girls' Latin School, Boston.

Address : 126 Devon Street, Roxbury, Massachusetts.

“Exceedingly well read.”



EVA WHITING WHITE.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Weston, Massachusetts, November 29, 1882.

Attended Girls' High School, Boston.

Address : 40 Wenonah Street, Roxbury, Mass.

“The mirror of all courtesy.”





CAROLINE MAY WILKINSON.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Laconia, New Hampshire, December 7, 1883.

Attended Laconia High School.

Address : Laconia, New Hampshire.

“As merry as the day is long.”



ALICE AMELIA WOOD.

Candidate for a degree.

Born at Manchester, Maine, March 20, 1885.

Attended Deering High School, Portland, Maine.

Address : 54 Kent Street, Brookline, Massachusetts.

“Age cannot wither nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety.”



*The* SENIOR BOOK.

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ETHEL GRACE WOOLDRIDGE.

Born at Melrose, Massachusetts, March 19, 1883.

Attended Melrose High School.

Address : 180 Bellevue Avenue, Melrose, Mass.

“ I do plain cooking ; I’m housemaid, too.  
I do all the work of the house.”

Class Officers:



1903—1907.

H. EDITH HATCH.

1903—1904.

<i>President</i> . . . . .	. . . . .	ESTHER W. SAWYER
<i>Vice-President</i> . . . . .	. . . . .	ALICE T. SMITH
<i>Secretary</i> . . . . .	. . . . .	MARION K. FERNALD
<i>Treasurer</i> . . . . .	. . . . .	A. KATHERINE CUMMINGS.

1904—1905.

<i>President</i> . . . . .	. . . . .	A. KATHERINE CUMMINGS
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The SENIOR BOOK.

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	<i>From Feb. 17, 1905</i>	.	.	.	.	.	H. EDITH HATCH
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	EDITH L. WATSON
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	H. EDITH HATCH
	<i>From Mar. 10, 1905</i>	.	.	.	.	.	ELIZABETH E. AMISON
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	ELIZABETH B. MERRILL
	<i>From Jan. 13, 1905</i>	.	.	.	.	.	GRACE E. HOVEY.

1905—1906.

<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	H. EDITH HATCH
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	EDITH L. WATSON
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	ELIZABETH E. AMISON
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	GRACE E. HOVEY.

1906—1907.

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<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	EDITH L. WATSON
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	ELLEN B. WHITE
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	GRACE E. HOVEY.

The



Guild.

EVA WHITING WHITE, '07,	.	.	<i>President.</i>
EMILY BODMAN, '07,	.	.	<i>Secretary.</i>
LOUISE FOWLER ALLEN, '07,	.	.	<i>Treasurer.</i>
BEULAH HATCH, '08.	.	.	<i>Vice President.</i>
MARTHA SUFFREN, '08.	.	.	"
THEODORA KIMBALL, '08,	.	.	"

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For the first time since coming to college, '07 has been able to have a decisive voice in the Guild. The welfare of the organization has really rested upon us. How we have fulfilled our duties, only the future of the Guild will show.

One thing for which we hope the coming classes will be grateful and which was established by our president is the Guild Tea. This has proved to be one of the best social events of the year, since it brings together the instructors and all classes. At one of these Dr. Emerson spoke on Art, and at another Margaret Deland read one of her charming essays.

To 1908 we leave the Guild, with the sincere hope that it may be as well supported by the under classes as we have been supported by them. If it had not been for the hearty cooperation of 1908, 1909, and 1910, 1907 would have fared badly. Here let us thank you one and all for your Guild enthusiasm.





## Former Members of the Class.

ELIZABETH E. AMISON	- - -	Boston, Mass.	JULIA F. CODY	- - -	Charlestown, Mass.
RUTH D. AMSDEN	- - -	Worcester, "	A. CATHERINE CUMMINGS	- - -	So. Braintree, "
FAYE ANDERSON ( <i>Mrs. A. F. Folts</i> )	- - -	Lincoln, Neb.	HELEN R. CURRY	- - -	Chelsea, "
MARGARET BAKEMAN	- - -	Chelsea, Mass.	KATHERINE E. CUTTER	- - -	W. Newton, "
HETTIE G. BAKER	- - -	Hartford, Conn.	HELEN DARROW	- - -	Boston, "
ANNA C. BEAN	- - -	Haverhill, Mass.	ALICE DEADMEN	- - -	Wakefield, "
Mrs. ETHLYN T. BELLEW			CLAIRE DEUPREY	- - -	San Francisco, Cal.
MARY S. BOYDEN	- - -	Norwood, Mass.	EDITH W. DUNHAM	- - -	Chelsea, Mass.
INEZ A. BREWSTER ( <i>Mrs. L. H. Wentworth</i> )			NINITA T. FERDINAND	- - -	Cambridge, "
		Wolfboro, N. H.	MARION R. FERNALD	- - -	Haverhill, "
L. FELICE BRYANT	- - -	Boston, Mass.	MABELLE P. FOSTER ( <i>Mrs. E. A. Roys</i> )		
EMMA F. BRYSON	- - -	Lynn, "	CLARA FRANCIS	- - -	Philadelphia, Pa.
CORA H. BUNKER	- - -	Toledo, Ohio	KATHERINE E. FRASER	- - -	E. Weymouth, Mass.
EDITH M. BURRAGE	- - -	Lancaster, Mass.	ALICE S. FURBER	- - -	Manchester, N. H.
LILLIAN B. CLAPP	- - -	So. Boston, "	E PAULINE GILLETTE	- - -	Boston, Mass.
MARION S. CLEMENT	- - -	Concord, N. H.	ELIZABETH S. HACKER	- - -	Lynn, "
A. ETHEL CLOSTERHOUSE	- - -	Lafayette, Ind.	OLIVE M. HALBERT	- - -	Waco, Texas



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CAROLYN L. HEWITSON	- - -	Dorchester, Mass.	SELMA ROGERS	- - -	Boston, Mass.
EDITH A. HILLER	- - -	Waterford, N. Y.	JESSIE A. SARGENT	- - -	Lowell, "
KATHERINE E. HOWARD	- - -	Boston, Mass.	ESTHER W. SAWYER	- - -	Worcester, "
ALICE M. KILBOURN	- - -	So. Lancaster, "	INA M. SMALL	- - -	Provincetown, "
MAUDE B. LEATHERBEE	- - -	Allston, "	ALICE T. SMITH	- - -	Newton Centre, "
RUTH J. LEAVITT	- - -	Holyoke, "	MARY A. SMITH	- - -	Berlin, Conn.
GRACE MACDONALD	- - -	Pittsburg, Pa.	ETHEL L. STEARNS	- - -	Chelsea, Mass.
ELIZABETH B. MERRILL	- - -	Dorchester, Mass.	BEATRICE C. TURNER	- - -	Brookline, "
ALICE H. MORRISON	- - -	Fall River, "	E. M. TURNER	- - -	Minot, "
PEARL PETERSON	- - -	Milwaukee, Wis.	STELLA M. TYLER ( <i>Mrs. Barrus</i> )	- - -	London, England
ROSA M. POPE	- - -	Racine, "	M. RACHEL WADSWORTH	- - -	Hadley, Mass.
CECIL P. POWERS	- - -	Bennington, Vt.	ELIZABETH WARNER ( <i>Mrs. Vorhees</i> )	- - -	Salisbury, Conn.
EDWINA R. PUTNAM ( <i>deceased</i> )	- - -	Chelsea, Mass.			
EDNA A. RICKER	- - -	Charlestown, Mass.			



## History of the Class of 1907.

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ON Boylston Street, a few doors above Exeter Street, stands a large white building known as Boylston Chambers, which was our college home during the year 1903-4. Here, on October 1, 1903, President Lefavour and Dean Arnold, assisted by the heads of the departments, greeted one hundred and fifty girls—Freshmen, I suppose they were—and welcomed the second class of Simmons College. Our troubles had been many during the preceding days, trying to make out schedules, so that *we* might have an easy time. Although we must have taxed Miss McGrath's patience many times, still she was ready to help us, as she always has been since. After these days of trouble, a hearty welcome was doubly appreciated.

The opening meeting was held in the Assembly Hall on the third floor. You could get there either by walking or taking the elevator. Strange to say, everyone preferred the elevator, not only on the first day but on all others. How many times were you late to your nine o'clock recitation just because the elevator boy would not take one more in the cage, and you simply would *not* walk up? Poor Bobby, he endured two hundred girls for nearly half a year, and then even *his* courage gave out!

We entered as Freshmen, but we never felt as Freshmen do, and we were not as green

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about finding our way around as Freshmen generally are, for even the Sophomores were green about rooms.

What a beautiful outlook we had from those front windows! The favorite studying posture was in a chair drawn up in front of one of the windows. You always intended to study, but it was much more interesting to watch the trains shifting about in the railroad yard below. These trains made so much noise that the windows had to be kept closed, and hence fresh air was kept out. This accounted largely for the dullness of some English classes; for, in such a close room, it was difficult for the students to think clearly, and impossible for them to express criticisms on "comps," although it seemed to make no difference with the instructor's faculties. This lack of fresh air was also the cause of our lack of appreciation of Barrett Wendell's "English Prose Composition." In one class, an outline of the book was made and kept in that lovely little paper pocket on the inside of the back cover of our text book.

After our introduction into the college, the next thing was to get acquainted among ourselves. The Guild helped us greatly in doing this. Soon after the opening of the year, each department was called together, and a chairman explained what the Guild was, what connection we had with it and our duties toward it. A social time followed, and we went away feeling that we knew members of our own departments, if we knew no one outside. A few weeks later, a Guild reception made it possible for us to become acquainted with girls in other courses and with a few of the instructors.

Our first class meeting, which showed that there really was a class of 1907, was held in November, 1903. It was opened by Miss Dunmore, who suggested the way in which we chose officers. The following girls were elected to hold office until after Christmas: Chairman, Miss Alice Smith; secretary, Miss Fernald. In February, the following officers were chosen: President, Miss Sawyer; vice-president, Miss Alice Smith; secretary, Miss Fernald; treasurer, Miss Alice Cummings.

On March 11, 1904, the Sophomores, who had heretofore only suggested how to run a class meeting, decided to show us how one should be conducted. To quote from the minutes of that

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meeting: "The Sophomores made themselves somewhat troublesome, and were expelled by the forcible efforts of the Freshmen." The Sophomores got rather the worse of the bargain and, in the end, were glad to get out any way. Isabel Dunton was the champion that night, and many were the Sophomores she lined up. "Ted" Winn was glad to get out of the room, but, even when she had made her escape, she could not go home, for she had no hat. Who had it? Ask Edith Hatch how long a walk the hat took before it got back to the head of its owner. After "Ted" had made a speech and cheered '07, she was given her hat and grandly escorted back to Simmons Hall by a guard of Freshmen, who, for once, were allowed to go into dinner late.

In April, we began giving entertainments. Our first one was to the Sophomores. They returned this by inviting us to a picnic given in Miss Cunningham's woods, where we had a most delightful time.

One important question was settled our first year—that of the class colors, which are green and white.

There was one course during the first year which appealed to all the girls—gymnastics. Twice a week we were supposed to trudge over to the Normal School of Gymnastics, but it was very easy to "cut." We had learned the first of the year that a "poor excuse is better than none," although, of course, "a good excuse is better than a poor one;" and, I am afraid excuses from "Gym." were generally rather poor. One reason for the difficulty in attending "Gym." was the fact that several of us who had Dr. Wendell the hour before found it hard to tear ourselves away from such an interesting subject. Physics was our bugbear the first year, and who but Dr. Wendell and Miss Kirkpatrick could have had the patience and courage to help us through the intricacies of mechanics, electricity and light. Lomell tried to help us, to be sure, but no one seemed to get much out of his book. It is still owned by most of us, not so much because we like it as because we have never found any one who wanted it.

We came back in September, 1904, greatly reduced in numbers, because many of those entering with us took the Boston Cooking School course. This year the college moved into its permanent home in the Fenway. The building was very new—so new that chemistry girls were

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excused from work for a week, as the laboratories were not completed. Although the other students were green with envy, they were cheered by the thought that, after the chemistry girls began to work, they would have to work much harder than the rest.

During the previous year the College had purchased land bounded by Brookline Avenue, Short Street and Bellevue Street for the purpose of erecting dormitories. There were three wooden houses on this land, and two of these were used as dormitories during our Sophomore year. The third building, called Students' House, was used for Guild receptions, sales and class entertainments. Cafeteria lunches were served here at a remarkably low price to girls living in the dormitories on St. Botolph Street and to day students.

In October, we had our first class meeting as Sophomores, and new officers were chosen: President, Miss Alice Cummings; vice-president, Miss Watson; secretary, Miss Hatch; treasurer, Miss Merrill. About the middle of January, Miss Merrill left College, and Miss Hovey was chosen to succeed her as treasurer. Then Miss Cummings left us. Her place was filled by Miss Hatch, and Miss Amison was elected secretary.

It was during this year that we chose our class pin. It was admired by every class—even the Juniors thought it prettier than theirs.

On April 8, 1905, we entertained the Freshmen by giving them a "Kid's Party." Every girl who came represented a child of not over twelve years of age. Refreshments suitable for children of that tender age were served.

Three important things happened during this year. The first thing was the fire in the studios on Harcourt Street. About twelve o'clock on a Friday night in November, the girls living in the front rooms at Simmons Hall were awakened by the noise of fire engines. At first they were dazed by the bright light, but they soon realized that it meant a fire. Word was sent to all the rooms that the dormitory was not on fire, but the girls were told to dress and gather their belongings together in case they had to leave. Alice Morrison decided that the only thing she wanted to save was a photograph; so she came down stairs with it. Lena Lawton thought she might, sometime, need a clean handkerchief, and carefully tucked one away. Alice



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Wood decided to take her strong box, and put a very small picture in it. Rooms had been engaged at The Nottingham, but, fortunately, the girls were not required to leave the house. At three o'clock Saturday morning the fire was under control, and all damage was over. Coffee and sandwiches were served, and the girls went back to their rooms to unpack their bundles.

On February 28, 1905, we had a sleigh ride. Miss Arnold very kindly provided a substantial supper for the girls at the Students' House, and the start was made from there. About nine o'clock, the girls returned to Simmons Hall, where they had salad, hot chocolate and crackers. Afterwards they danced and enjoyed themselves generally till long after ten-thirty. Since the outside girls were to remain over night at the Hall, dress-suit cases had been pouring in during the day, and these were immediately stored away in the rooms the girls were to occupy. There was a great deal of whispering among the Freshmen; so we knew something was "up!" When we reached Simmons Hall, we found out what they had been planning. Pandemonium had been let loose. Beds were topsy-turvy, dress-suit cases had been burst open and the contents strewn everywhere. The Sophomores declared they would get "even" with the Freshmen before the year was over. They were not called upon to carry out their threat then, for others saw to it that the Freshmen were reprimanded for their unladylike conduct.

At last the actions of the Freshmen became unbearable. One morning in April, when the Sophomore girls at the Hall walked out of their rooms at breakfast time, they found signs, bearing the figures "1908," fastened on their doors. They were taken down immediately, and a few mornings later, the girls of 1908 found the numerals "1907" tacked over the sky-lights. How did they get there? Nobody knew. How could they be taken down was the next question. The Freshmen tried to get them down with sticks, brooms, step-ladders—in fact, everything, but we were on deck and would allow nothing of the kind. The Freshmen tried to bribe Emil, but he was too strong a "1907" man to yield. Towards night, there was a report that "1908" was going to take the banners down after dark. This would never do. "We must sit up all night," said "1907" in a chorus. They did, each one watching in turn. Bessie Douglas did very well until she sat on the edge of the bath tub. Then she was so comfortable that she went to sleep

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and fell in! After that, she and Alice Furber went to bed and slept together the rest of the night. Lena Lawton heard the signal given among the "1908" men to advance, and bravely poured water from the transom over them as they passed. Lena is not huge in stature, but we had hardly realized that a Freshman could walk by her without noticing her. The next morning the signs were taken down at our commands and packed in Miss Hatch's suit case. Poor Edith was very miserable until the suit case went home.

During all this time, a new dormitory was being built on Brookline Avenue. When we came back to College in September, 1905, we were Juniors, and most of the resident Juniors moved from Simmons Hall to the new dormitory, or South Hall. The dormitory was not finished when we began to live in it. The first night we huddled in the basement, where we ate our dinner by the light of kerosene lamps and to accompaniment of music furnished by mosquitoes and buzzing flies. There were no electric lights in the rooms; consequently, for nearly a week, we had to depend upon candles stuck in cups of sand. As we look back on this experience, we think of the fun we had, but at that time we did not particularly enjoy it.

On October 13, 1905, we held our first Junior class meeting—an unlucky day, some people would say, but it wasn't, for we were lucky in having the same girls re-elected as officers of the class. Our first entertaining came just before Thanksgiving, when we invited the Freshmen to attend a Masquerade at the Refectory. This, and a party given to the Seniors in May, were the only social events in which we participated as a class.

The principal event of the year was the Junior week, beginning May first. Miss Arnold, who has always been so ready and kind about helping us at all times, asked us to her home for a May day party. We had a delightful time, as we always do, and came away feeling that we had made a very pleasant beginning for the week. Nothing else had been planned until the Prom. on May fourth; but on May second, we decided, on the spur of the moment, to wear our class colors and lunch together at the Refectory. Green and white were the prevailing colors for the rest of the week. Punch, our mascot, came to economics wearing a large green and white bow, and, in spite of the many attentions he received, he was very well behaved.

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On May fourth, every Junior, for once in her college life, was excited. Early in the day, florists appeared, and the Sophomores began making a tour of the rooms, asking for banners and pillows. With a few exceptions, all the Juniors, who were to attend the dance, stayed over night at South Hall. At dinner, we had a happy crowd, and, after dinner, there was a grand rush for the rooms. Then we began prinking. Do you remember Louise Allen standing on a chair on one of the landings so she could heat her iron over the gas jet? Every one was dressed in season, and then we were very nervous until cards began to come up. Before long, all the girls were down stairs, going into the Refectory, which was very artistically decorated. Miss Morse, Miss Arnold, Miss Cunningham and Miss Hatch received. Dancing began at half-past eight, and from that time till nearly half-past twelve, the girls were in the seventh heaven. A collation was served, and it was a good one. Ask the under classmen which they liked the better—ours or the Seniors? Some of the girls indulged in a walk during intermission, and came back too late for the next dance.

May fifth was another gala day. In the morning, the college building was open for inspection, and Dean Arnold and President Lefavour held an informal reception. At one o'clock, a luncheon was served in the Refectory by the Juniors to their friends. Oh! the jealous looks that were cast on us by the under and even upper classmen! They just wished they were in our shoes. In the afternoon, South Hall was open to our guests. Saturday night it was all over. How quickly what we had been looking forward to, since we had entered college, had become a thing of the past. But the memory of it still lives, and will always be one of our pleasantest recollections in later years.

In June, we tried to help the Seniors during Commencement week; but, in all our help, we had the queer feeling that, next year, some other class would be helping us, and we would feel that our four years together were nearing the end.

In September, 1906, forty-one girls came back for their last year. The first business of the year was the election of officers. Once more we chose the same officers who had served during the preceding two years, with the exception of secretary. Miss White was chosen to fill that position, as Miss Amison had left college. How fortunate we were to have the same officers,

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especially the president. For nearly three years, Edith has worked and toiled for us, trying to get what we wanted. In what way could we show her our appreciation better than by electing her as president for our last year?

This year we were freed from the burden of giving receptions to the other classes. Every month we held a social at Simmons Hall, and in this way we were enabled to get into closer contact with each other. Dean Arnold again entertained our class at an enjoyable sewing bee in November.

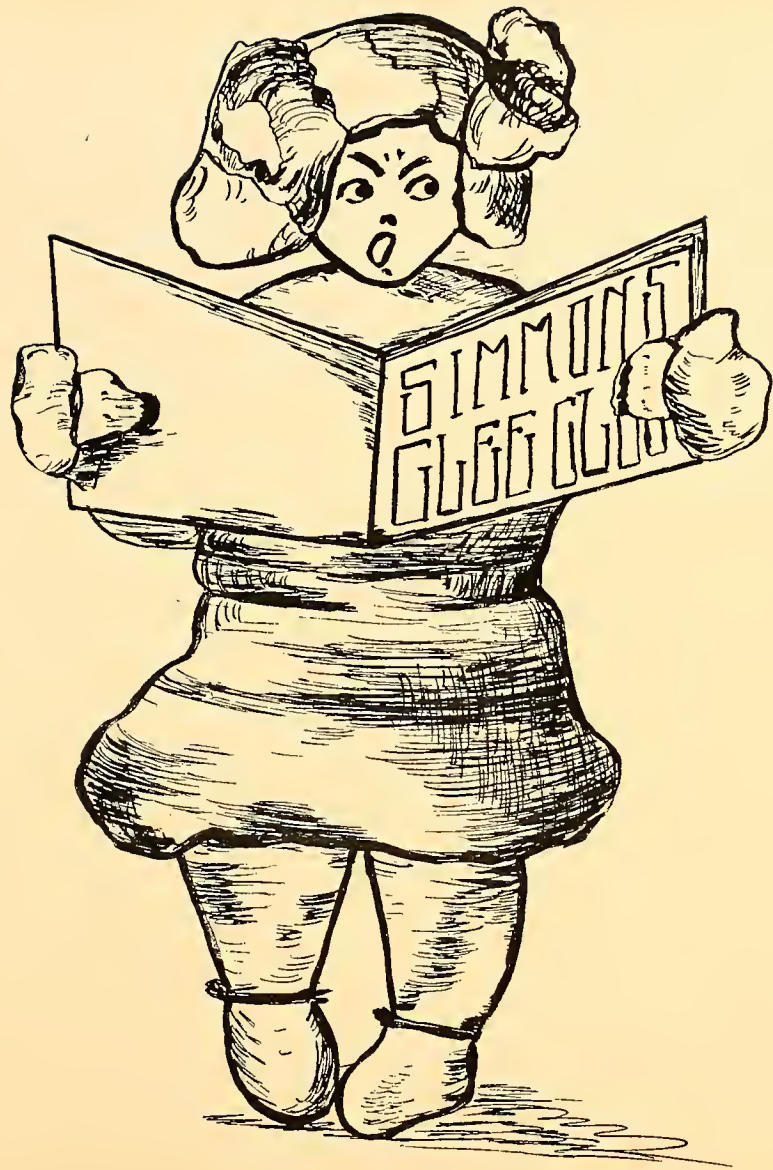
Although, since the opening of the year, we had realized that we were Seniors, there were many in the college who had, apparently, not fully appreciated that fact—Freshmen, especially. At the Christmas Assembly, however, we appeared for the first time in caps and gowns. Whether or not under classmen were greatly impressed at that time, we ourselves felt it to be a very solemn occasion. We knew then that our last year was here. After Christmas we wore our emblems of seniority all the time in the College building, and there has been no further mistaking of Seniors for Freshmen.

Before we could realize it, the Easter vacation was here, and our last vacation, as students, was a thing of the past. We then began counting the days to Commencement week—and that has come and gone.

Our four years together are at an end. We now go out on our separate roads, but there will always be a strong tie among us all, and one which will always exist: a tie composed of four numbers—"1907." May we never forget the class and the pleasures and sorrows we have had as members of it.

MILDRED THURSTON.









## The Exercises of Commencement Week, 1907.

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SUNDAY, JUNE 9.

*Baccalaureate Service*: In the Church of the Disciples at 4 o'clock. Sermon by the Right Rev. William Lawrence.

MONDAY, JUNE 10.

*Senior Dance*: In South Hall at 8 o'clock.

TUESDAY, JUNE 11.

*Class Day Exercises*: In South Hall at 2 o'clock.

*Concert by the Glee and Mandolin Clubs*: In South Hall at 8 o'clock.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12.

*Commencement Exercises*: In Jordan Hall at 3 o'clock. Address by President Pritchett.

*Reception by President Lefavour*: In South Hall at 8 o'clock.

THURSDAY, JUNE 13.

*Senior Luncheon*: In Simmons Hall at 1 o'clock.

*Meeting of Simmons Alumnae*: In Simmons Hall at 4.30 o'clock.

## Statistics.

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<i>Height.</i>			<i>Weight.</i>		
Average	.	5 feet 5 inches	Average	.	119 pounds
Shortest	.	5 feet 1 inch	Lightest	.	96 pounds
Tallest	.	5 feet 10 inches	Heaviest	.	148 pounds

### *Most Popular Instructor.*

Dr. Farley, Dr. Hough and Dr. Norris each received the same number of votes.  
Dr. R. M. Johnston and Mr. Eldridge have second place.

### *Most Popular Girl in the Class.*

(1) H. Edith Hatch.

(2) Eva W. White.

### *Girl who has Done Most for the Class.*

H. Edith Hatch.

Guild child, 1 vote.



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*The Biggest Grind.*

Elizabeth Upham.

*Biggest Bluffer.*

(1) Louise F. Allen.

(2) Anna W. Barker.

*Favorite Pastimes.*

Talking.

Eating "Huyler's."

Going to Assembly.

Hunting for Hawk(e)s and Rob(b)ins.

Reading the Bulletin Board.

Singing "Hail! Alma Mater!"

Taking Exams.

Writing shorthand at 250 per minute.

*Favorite Course.*

English.

Discourse.

From the Bulletin Board to the Office.

Hygiene (*came once a week*).

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*Favorite Year.*

1. Junior Year (partly due to the many and various kinds of entertainments given us by the other classes).
2. Senior Year (because we are on the "home stretch" and nearer "ready for service and worthy of trust").

*Most Painful Experiences.*

The first day of college when, as an ignorant Freshman, I paid 50 cents for a carriage from Huntington Avenue Station to 45 St. Botolph Street, instead of saving that money for the Guild child.

When reminded that I must grind a little harder.

Dean's Meeting on a free afternoon.

Opening envelope containing first report.

Seeing Dr. Baldwin come to class with papers under his arm.

Having to call on the Dean at my earliest convenience.

First time I fell down the cellar stairs.

Returning late after vacation without a doctor's excuse.

Going to Tech. Show without permission.

The first march to Assembly with caps and gowns on.

*Pleasantest Experiences.*

Junior Prom. and the day after.

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Seeing Woods chase the biology pig around the basement.

“Cutting,” without being called up.

When Mr. Johnston “cut” for a number of weeks.

Watching Thaddeus sweep the stairs.

Rushing the members of 1906 out of our first class meeting, when they tried to break it up.

When at Boylston Chambers we learned to appreciate Frye(d) articles.

When one of our members crawled under the platform in 116 and heard all the business transacted by the class of 1908.

Vacations.

*Do You intend to Work, and if so, at What?*

Yes; I want to raise the intellectual standard of the American youth.

I want to care for all those having dynamic disarrangement of their spiritual and vital principles.

I don't intend to injure myself working, if I can get some one to do it for me.

Yes; I intend to work my employer to raise my wages.

I am going to compile a bibliography of Simmonsonia.

Work at transferring the contents of one head to another.

Intend to work dough—and for dough.

I am going to be a private secretary, but I don't expect to marry my employer.

I hope to run a night lunch cart.

Yes; I shall work every one I can.





### The Unknown Fields.

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THEY stretch before us into far-off shadows,  
For we have reached the parting of the ways ;  
Yet memories and bonds of love and friendship  
Light up the twilight of our College days.

Four years together, full of work and pleasure,  
Of sunlight's golden gleams and shadows wan ;  
But how like bubbles have the gleams and shadows  
All vanished as we journeyed on and on.

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Yet memory remains and close will hold us  
To by-gone days and friends among these halls ;  
And from our Alma Mater's store our gleanings  
Will guide where'er our path of duty falls.

Beyond the years we may not see or venture,  
Until old Time has passed us on our way ;  
And yet what matter, if each sun will bring us  
Enough of wisdom for the passing day.

So let us clasp our hands in love and courage,  
Beside the cross-roads where we meet to part :  
And give to each a parting word of friendship,  
Which speaks a comrade's faith and sister's heart.

LOUISE FOWLER ALLEN.

**A Parting Song.**

AIR: "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton."

1

O, CLASSMATES of Simmons, the time draweth nigh,  
For us all to shake hands and say a "Good-bye;"  
For four years we've labored thro' joy and thro' tears—  
Deal gently, we pray thee, O, fast-coming years;  
For we'll have to go forth out into the wide world,  
With colors a-flying and banners unfurled;  
O, our dear Alma Mater, before we depart,  
Hear our farewell message, which comes from the heart.

2

As "Nineteen Ought Seven," we've made our name here,  
And always to us will that name remain dear;  
And to those who've been with us thro' the years that have passed,  
We give hearty greetings, which hold firm and fast;  
And as we go out thro' the doors opened wide,  
To seek our life's fortune, whatever betide—  
Still "Nineteen Ought Seven" together will stand,  
From Simmons gone out as a true, faithful band.

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3

We've learned many things here. We're grateful for all—  
For all that we've gathered, from the large to the small ;  
We'll do the best with it, 'tis given us to do,  
And stand by our colors—the gold and the blue .  
The hours that we've studied have not been in vain,  
Whether walking in sunlight or a downpour of rain ;  
And ofttimes in memory those hours will return,  
And tho' far away yet our hearts will still yearn.

4

We'll be widely scattered ; from far and from near  
We'll come to meet here in some glad future year ;  
The praises of Simmons we'll sing, one and all,  
And be always ready to come at her call.  
And, now, O, my classmates, we'll say our "Good-bye"—  
And here's to our parting—a smile and a sigh ;  
In years yet to come we'll our friendships renew,  
And be true to our colors—the gold and the blue.

### The College Hymn.

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TUNE: "Keller's American Hymn."

HAIL, Alma Mater! we pledge our love to thee,  
Bring thee our hearts and hands in full loyalty.  
Praising thy counsel and trusting thy truth,  
Lift we our song to thee: oh, guide thou our youth!  
Lift we our song to thee: oh, bless now our youth!  
    Make us, thy children, generous and just.  
    Send us to labor, when leave thee we must,  
    Ready for service and worthy of trust.

Hail, Alma Mater! thy praises we sing.  
One in allegiance, our tributes we bring.  
Fair shall thy name be, trusted to our care,  
For thy dear sake our lives shall be more fair,  
For thy dear sake our lives shall be more fair.  
    Make us, thy children, strong and pure and just.  
    Send us to labor, when leave thee we must,  
    Ready for service and worthy of trust.

### Class Song.

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TUNE: "Eton Boating Song."

HERE'S to dear old Simmons,  
The College we love so well;  
Of the class of "1907," we can't begin to tell.  
  
But we love our Alma Mater,  
And to her we'll be true;  
And we're proud to be the students  
Of the college of gold and blue!

Others may fill our places—  
Our Alma Mater share;  
But to find a class like '07, who—will—dare?

Then we'll sing for dear old Simmons,  
And to her we'll be true;  
For we're proud to be the students  
Of the college of gold and blue!

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**Class Song.**

TUNE: "A Daughter of Shiloh."

1

Oh, "Nineteen Seven," Oh, "Nineteen Seven,"  
We pledge our love to thee ;  
Oh, College days, Oh, College days,  
So gladsome and so free ;  
From all around let praise resound,  
And homage—let it pass ;  
Forever more we will adore  
Our College and our Class.

CHORUS.

Oh, "Nineteen Seven," now  
We sing to thee ;  
Oh "Nineteen Seven," now  
We'll loyal be ;  
Where'er our feet shall stray,  
Though it be far away,  
Forever and a day  
We're true to thee.

REPEAT.

*The SENIOR BOOK.*

---

2

Oh, College dear, Oh, College dear,  
We've worked the years away ;  
Perhaps a few good hours, too,  
We've spent in idle play ;  
But play or work, we've found in thee  
A firm and faithful friend ;  
And we'll be true to gold and blue  
Until our lives shall end.

CHORUS.

3

The years may flee by you and me,  
And Time work weal or woe ;  
But friendship strong will bind us long,  
Wherever we may be .  
So thus our song we'll bear along,  
As through the world we pass ;  
And when we sing, 'twill mem'ry bring  
Of College and our Class.

CHORUS.

LOUISE FOWLER ALLEN.



The SENIOR BOOK.

---

Simmons College.

Feb. 12, 1907.

G. & C. MERRIAM,  
Springfield, Mass.,

GENTLEMEN:

In the next edition of "Webster's Dictionary," could you include information concerning the *monocle*? Please do not think that I wish to wear one myself, but I am very anxious to know its origin. I have debated whether this information is within the province of a dictionary or books of illusions, but since the former is the most important book of reference I have decided to suggest this addition to you.

Enclosed please find four stamps. If you cannot supply the information desired, will you kindly write to the publishers of "Worcester's," "The Century," "Standard" and "Oxford" dictionaries, asking if they could incorporate such an article in their valuable works?

Yours truly,

L—U—S— F. —L—E—.

P.S.—If you can supply the information, you may keep the stamps.

Tell me not of ancient cloisters,  
    Crumbled walls with ivy green ;  
Where traditions, through the ages,  
    Point the way each mind must lean.

We've a fairer Alma Mater  
    Built on new, on Fenway soil ;  
With as yet but one tradition—  
    Constant labor, struggle, toil.

In our Freshman year of greenness,  
    We made one great, vast mistake ;  
Which recalling now as Seniors,  
    Makes our shuddering reason quake.

I shall tell the awful secret ;  
    Let our baseness be revealed ;  
For the past few years' experience  
    Has that sickly fancy healed.

In our youthful, rash opinion,  
    Simmons stood as others stand ;  
Just a place of joy and gladness,  
    Stretching out to us its hand.

Joyfully we rushed to meet her—  
    Crowded through her doors *en masse* ;  
Hurried thro' the registrations,  
    Formed the College's second class.

Careless were our minds and manners—  
    Hearts were light as light could be ;  
As we chose our course of study,  
    Aided by the Faculty.

We knew not of our great privilege,  
    For we did not understand  
That Simmons is the only College  
    Of its kind throughout the land.

To Room "316."

---

Dear to us is the thought of thee,  
Thou sunny room with thy house so small ;  
To thee we rush as Assembly ends,  
When our President issues her earnest call.

Thou could'st tell of discussions hot,  
Of weighty questions there decided ;  
Thou witnessed three yearly battles fought,  
Out of which we easily glided.

The time has come for us to leave thee,  
But we would never be so mean ;  
As to part without each giving  
Three round cheers for " Three-Sixteen ! "

Our Emblem.

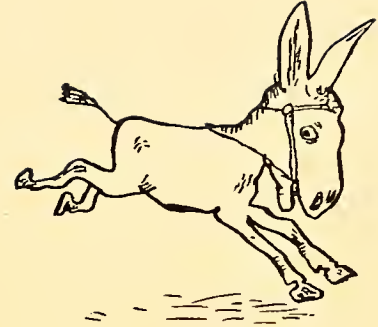
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Ah, carnation, modest and white,  
Thou art the emblem of our class ;  
Thou art to us a sign of light  
To urge us on as the years will pass.

Thy stem of green is our second sign,  
To tell us we are young and strong ;  
Ready for service in any line,  
Our hearts to thee will e'er belong.



## Spasms.



Breathes there a girl from sleep half dead,  
Who never to herself has said :  
“ Plague take these lessons,  
I’m going to bed.”

Men’s “Crawford” shoes are comfortable, because they are made in a different factory from women’s.—*Miss H—g—e—t.*

*May 13.*—Congratulations not in order.

The SENIOR BOOK.

---

Heard in German (3) Freshman year: "Your examinations were all trash—mere rubbish, and only fit for the waste basket.

*Query:* "Did they go there?"

*In Ethics Class.*

*Dr. Puffer:* "Please tell me the name of the most prominent philosopher of the late eighteenth century?"

*Miss H-t-h:* "I. Kant." (I can't.)

*From the Freshmen's Cat-atalogue, 1904:*

Simmons had a pussy cat, pussy cat, pussy cat ;  
Simmons had a pussy cat,  
It's name was "Nineteen Eight ;"  
It followed them to school one day, school one day, school one day,  
It followed them to school one day,  
Which was against the rule.

It made the Freshies laugh and play, laugh and play, laugh and play,  
It made the Freshies laugh and play,  
To see the cat at school ;  
And so the Sophies turned it out, dragged it out, shoved it out,  
And so the Sophies drove it out,  
But still it lingered near.

*The SENIOR BOOK.*

---

It was everywhere a-hanging round, mewing round, crawling round,  
It was everywhere a-slinking round,  
To see its Freshies dear ;  
“ Why did the cat love Freshies so, Freshies so, Freshies so ?  
Why did the cat love Freshies so ? ”  
The eager Juniors cried ;  
“ Because ’twas skin and bones, you know ; bones, you know ; bones, you know ;  
Because ’twas skin and bones, you know, ”  
The Sophies made reply.

*While Plugging for Exams.*

“ Where would you find the last words of Frances Willard ? ”

*Miss D—n—o—*: “ Is she living or dead ? ”

*Prof. E—d—i—g—*: “ Does the earth revolve on its axis from west to east ? ”

*Miss B—d—a—*: “ It depends on where you stand. ”

“ Where should you like to work ? ”

*Miss C—u—t—*: “ Not in an office with nothing but girls,—girls,—girls. ”

The SENIOR BOOK.

---

That Reminds Me—

*Dr. N-r-i—*: “Some girls work for ‘Mark(s);’ others for knowledge.”

*Dr. F-r-e—*: “As our friend Bradley says—”

*Dr. H-u-h—*: “Please remember that fresh air is not a substitute for muscular activity.”

*Dr. B-a-k-t—*: “I’m inclined to think—”

*Prof. G-o-e-l—*: “I suppose that has a sentimental interest. For further information, you might look in the ‘Ladies Home Journal.’”

*Prof. E-d-i-g—*: “In other words, ladies—”

*Prof. R-l-i-s—*: “Young ladies, you must remember this is a practice hour.”

*Miss D-k—*: “Now, girls, don’t you think that makes it a little plainer.”

*Mme. M-t-e—*: “It is so funny you don’t know French.”

*Mr. R-n-i—*: “Sheats and Kelley.”

*Miss W-g-i—*: “We must have it a little more quiet.”



The SENIOR BOOK.

---

Miss D-n-e-l-: "Where would you look—"

Mr. W. D. J-h-s-o-: "Passing on—"

Dr. K-n-s-u-y-: "Give a picture of the times."

Mr. M-y-r-: "There is *nothing* to remember in accounts."

Miss P-r-e-: "Please excuse again a personal experience."

Mr. R. M. J-h-s-o-: "S'matter of fact, by the by—"

Dr. W-n-e-l-: "All this is perfectly simple; any one can understand it. Are there any questions?"

---

1

What is it makes my hair grow white ?  
Examinations.  
Why is it I can't sleep at night ?  
Examinations.  
Why is it that I've grown so thin--  
That I'm no bigger than a pin,  
What makes me wish I'd better been ?  
Examinations.

2

What makes my heart feel just like lead ?  
Examinations.  
What makes me sick with fear and dread ?  
Examinations.

What makes my head an empty ball,  
In which there is nothing at all ?  
What gives my marks a sudden fall ?  
Examinations.

3

What do our teachers love to spring ?  
Examinations.  
What do they often at us fling ?  
Examinations.  
What would I do, if I'd my way,  
To them some happy, happy day ?  
What would I give *them*, just for pay ?  
Examinations.

LOUISE FOWLER ALLEN.

*The* SENIOR BOOK.

---

In looking over the records,  
We find that we number eight ;  
We're the School of H. E. with a B. S. degree ;  
We've given our lives to fate.

We've studied all the "ologies"  
That e'er were known to man ;  
We've learned to cook without a book,  
And to scour a pot and pan.

We're scientific in all we do—  
No microbes can us evade ;  
For dust, no room ; 'tis bacteria's doom,  
Since Science lends us aid.

Sewing for us is a noble art—  
All kinds we have made our own ;  
With stitches fine, in perfect line,  
We'll give no cause to groan.

In Education's mystic lore,  
We find ourselves well read ;  
We've learned to teach, but not to preach—  
'Tis best so, some have said.

We're well equipped for all our tasks  
Of managing or teaching ;  
Or, in a home all of our own,  
To keep the maids from cheating.

Appreciation of Old Books.

---

I dreamed I went to Nineveh :  
    Within the palace wall  
I stood before the potentate,  
    King Assurbanipal.

Clay tablets, all with characters,  
    Filled up the many nooks ;  
And as I wondering gazed,  
    He said : "Come—read my books."

Creation was the theme I read.  
    If things so sacred be correct,  
Upon your surface, volumes queer,  
    You do deserve respect.

Then "passing on" through centuries  
    To mediæval years,  
My dream presented me to scribes  
    Who looked like ancient seers.

They wrote, but never spoke, except  
    By motion and by look ;  
I cried, "Can they with such slow toil  
    Complete a single book ?"

Then turning to a shelf, I saw  
    Some manuscripts all bound ;  
Their covers were of velvet soft,  
    And set with gems around.

In quality, I thought, these works  
    Can never be outdone ;  
In beauty none will e'er excel ;  
    They have my homage won.

But morning came—my travels ceased,  
    The lesson of my dream that night  
Was true regard for ancient books—  
    If I have learned aright.

**On Webster's International Dictionary.**

---

How dear to these hearts are the books of our reference,  
When difficult questions recall them to view ;  
Forever we'll honor and always we'll reverence  
The books of research that at Simmons we knew.

Yet more than all others, we cherish just one—  
The massive old Webster, the leather-bound Webster,  
The basis of study that later was done—  
The great, international gilt-lettered Webster.

That leather-bound volume we hail as a treasure,  
For oft through the months as we studied its field,  
We found in it wisdom and wit without measure,  
The best information that learning could yield.

Although we be scattered through all the wide world,  
We'll everywhere meet the great leather-bound Webster,  
We'll all find our friend of incomparable worth ;  
For look at the name—"International" Webster.

*The SENIOR BOOK.*

---

Mr. Darrach's recitals are one of the most inspiring of all the pleasures of Simmons.

Two girls were returning from his lecture one stormy night, when the following conversation took place :

"What a wild night ! I wish this wind would let up long enough for me to get one good breath."

"I should say so ! This is no Midsummer Night's Dream !"

"No ; it is a Winter's Tale, and we are Two Gentlemen of Verona walking in the Tempest and making Much Ado About Nothing."

"That's true, but on the Twelfth Night, there will be a Taming of the Shrew, and you will see that All's Well that Ends Well, Just as You Like It, or Love's Labour's Lost."

---

I'm bibliographical, a bibliotaphe—  
A bibliomaniac too,  
A bibliophile I hope to be,  
Or a bibliognost thru and thru.

I'm learned in books from A to Z,  
Ancient and Middle and New ;  
Old manuscripts have value for me,  
With initials of red and blue.

I've made a bibliography  
On a scientific plan ;

To aid the students that are to be,  
To find the best they can.

I know the lists for him who buys  
The books of modern issue ;  
I plan and build and advertize,  
And catalog as I wish to.

Perhaps you wonder who I am,  
With enthusiasm burning ;  
I'm only a Senior Simmons girl  
From the Library School of learning.

The SENIOR BOOK.

---

Tell me not in hackneyed measure,  
College life is but a dream ;  
For it rouses my displeasure,  
Makes me fairly want to scream.

Freshman year was new and awful,  
Took whatever I was told ;  
Freshmen always must be modest,  
Freshmen never must be bold.

Physics almost crucified me,  
Perhaps because I couldn't add ;  
Got back all my little problems,  
Bearing these words—"This is bad."

Soph'more year did sorely try me ;  
I wrote then a daily theme ;  
College life is but a treadmill,  
And things are not what they seem.

Junior year I had my troubles—  
I had worries then, galore ;  
Took a course in Economics ;  
Friends—I need not tell thee more.

Year by year I've struggled onward,  
Till the race is now most run ;  
But the dream is still as distant  
As it was when I'd begun.

**" I Wonder ? "**

Who wore a hat of lightish grey,  
Who now from the College has gone away,  
But who in our memory long will stay—  
I wonder ?

Who used to lecture, then dictate,  
Who very often came in late,  
Who sprung those tests we all did hate—  
I wonder ?

Who used to teach down at B. U.,  
Who none of our names ever knew,  
Who gave us cuts—well, just a *few!*  
I wonder ?

Who never was Johnny-on-the-Spot,  
Whether the Faculty liked it or not,  
But whom by the girls was liked a lot,  
I wonder ?

The SENIOR BOOK.

---

LOUISE ALLEN

[*Engagement Book*]

She hurries and she hustles  
Round College and down town ;  
She has so many things to do,  
She never stops to frown.  
She has to go to dinners,  
She has to lunch with Clare,  
She has to meet Committees—  
This book's to tell her where.

MINNIE ALLEN

[*Clock*]

We know it's a nurse that Minnie would be,  
And all success we wish her ;  
So a clock we give,  
By which to live,  
That promptness may then be with her.

GERTRUDE ALLISON

[*A Zero*]

If you really want a figure  
That will the attendance tell  
Of Gertrude at class meeting,  
A Zero'll do quite well.



The SENIOR BOOK.

---

ROSAMUND AMES

It is no work for Rosamund,  
When Italian she reads ;  
She lightly skims the pages o'er,  
Nor dictionary heeds.

RUTH BARBER

Sing a song of parties—  
Of parties by the score ;  
Ruth attends so many,  
She can not name them o'er.

ANNA BARKER

[*Poster*

Mlle. ANNA BARKIÈRE  
WORLD RENOWNED COMEDIENNE  
*Singing and Dancing*  
Impersonations of all Southern and  
Shakesperian types.

Now ready to receive engagements.

TERMS EXORBITANT.

The SENIOR BOOK.

---

ELSIE BEERS

[*Bottle of Extract of Chemistry*]

A little of this extract  
Will always make you gay,  
When College chemistry is done  
And note-books put away.

EMILY BODMAN

[*Certificate*]

This is to certify that Emily N. Bodman is fully competent for the position of Dean of a Woman's College, having had experience in the aforesaid office and being fully in sympathy with its purpose.

MARION BROWN

She beats us all at tennis,  
She dances better, too—  
In fact, at all athletic stunts,  
There's nothing she can't do.

BERTHA COUTTS

[*Bottle of Anti-Fat*]

One drop of this a day will stave off the dreaded monster, and keep you at your present state of perfection.

The SENIOR BOOK.

---

EDITH CUMMINGS

*Dear Edith,*—We regret that the picture of your favorite instructor will not be in the Class Book, but it is probable that the “Technique” has pictures of all instructors in Physics.—*The Book Committee.*

CLARE DANIELL

Where's Clare? Why, down at Huyler's  
Getting a fudge ice cream ;  
She gets them in early morning—  
Quite often at eight-fifteen ;  
But if, perchance, she's at College,  
And you wish to find her there,  
The easiest way to do it  
Is to ask Louise for Clare.

BESSIE DOUGLAS

Talks she late and talks she early,  
Talks she all the day ;  
We really can't imagine  
How she finds so much to say.

*The SENIOR BOOK.*

---

ISABEL DUNTON

[*Thermometer*]

Isabel's going up North to live  
In the land of ice and snow ;  
But while she's here,  
She's content to live  
At twenty degrees below.

STELLA DURRELL

When Stella runs her tea-room,  
And things sometimes go wrong,  
We hope that she won't find her work  
Too heavy or too long.

MARION ELLIOTT

The Senior Class of 1907  
Had bills of enormous size ;  
So it chose a Committee of its skilful girls,  
Who sent up the following cries :  
"We've postal cards three cents a-piece ;  
Come, buy at once, for the sale will soon cease ;"  
By candy sales and lectures, too,  
Our Marion as Chairman has brought us through.

The SENIOR BOOK.

---

RUTH GIBSON

*Study Schedule.*

MON.	TUES.	WED.	THURS.	FRI.
Automobile Show.	Theatre.	Hasty Pudding Club Theatricals.	Dance at Harvard.	Theatre.

GERTRUDE GREEN

Gertrude gets her shorthand,  
Have you ever heard ?  
Gets it every single time,  
Every single word ;  
She can get commercial law,  
Though it drives her most insane ;  
She can get most everything,  
But that 8.8 train.

The SENIOR BOOK.

---

MINNIE HAGGETT

We never dared to ask her,  
But we'd really like to know,  
If Minnie's curls are made ones,  
Or naturally grow.

EDITH HATCH

[*Flowers*

We bring these flowers of green and white,  
Ought Seven's colors true ;  
To show the depths of gratitude  
Of all our hearts to you.

GRACE HOVEY

We cannot speak of Grace alone,  
So strange to us 'twould seem,  
For always as the "Hovey-Hatch"  
This partnership has been.

ETHEL JACQUITH

[*Gray Ribbon.*

The book committee has noticed that red is your  
favorite color, but in order to be quite consistent  
you should also wear this ribbon.



The SENIOR BOOK.

---

LENA LAWTON

Did you ever know little Lena  
To give an unearthly, hideous screech,  
And run all round, and jump on a chair,  
To get out of all harm's reach.

Did you ever hear little Lena  
Order every soul in the house,  
To "take a club and a trap, and couple of sticks,  
And hunt for that *horrid mouse!*"

FRANCES McCAFFREY

It's "Miss McCaffrey" with the teachers,  
It's "Fanny" with some of the girls,  
While many another in the class  
A "Frances" at her hurls.

But if she goes, and you want her back,  
I'll tell you what to do,  
Just raise your voice and holler "Mac,"  
And she'll return to you.

*The SENIOR BOOK.*

---

ISABEL MONRO

Tall and dignified of bearing,  
Fair of hair, with eyes of blue ;  
And you mustn't mind her joking  
If she laughs a bit at you.

She has ground us in the class-book,  
She has ground us in our song ;  
She has hit each reverend Senior,  
But she's loved us all along.

Her accomplishments are many,  
Fudge concoctions are her hobby ;  
So in giving out the prizes,  
Let us give this palm to "Bobby."

EDNA MORRILL

Some may choose the Teddy bears  
To whom to give the laurel,  
But we declare in favor of  
Our lively "Teddy" Morrill.

LOUISE NEILL

*[Talking Machine*

Seldom speaks, seldom laughs  
"Quiet" is her motto  
We hope she'll use this small machine  
We really think she ought to.

*The* SENIOR BOOK.

---

HELEN NOON

Helen loves so many things  
We can't remember all,  
But German III and Typewriting  
We surely can recall.

EDITH NOYES

Lecturer on cooking.  
Demonstrator to mothers' clubs.  
Long experience.  
Good references.

JULIET PATTERSON

In Student Government, who rules ?  
Who judges every case ?  
Who's showing us what's proper  
When in the world we take our place ?  
Who leads us in our singing ?  
Who keeps us " up to time ?"  
You know 'tis only " Pat " could be  
The subject of this rhyme.

*The* SENIOR BOOK.

---

RUTH PETERS

Her thoughts flow so quickly,  
Her words come so fast,  
We hardly distinguish them  
As they fly past.

INA SMALL

She's happy, jolly, kind and wise,  
The nicest girl under the sun,  
The kind of a girl we want to know.  
Ina's a pile of fun.

MILDRED THURSTON

"Things are not always what they seem."  
We surely know that's true,  
For Mildred looks quite solemn ;  
But she's funny, through and through.

ELIZABETH UPHAM

*[Report*

This is a little record  
To show you that we know,  
That Betty gets in every course,  
Above credit, not below.

*The* SENIOR BOOK.

---

HARRIET WARE

Harriet's like a shadow,  
That smiling glides around.  
She's like one, too, in this respect,  
She never makes a sound.

EDITH WATSON

Dearest little Dolly, everybody knows,  
Sings just like a nightingale ;  
Is sweeter than any rose.

ELLEN WHITE

There is a young lady named White,  
Who can do all her work at first sight.  
Of these grinds not a few she's made up about you ;  
So, to grind her would not be quite right.

EVA WHITE

She always finds some work to do,  
And does it with her might ;  
And, whether it is hard or not,  
She does it all just right.  
At settlement or college class,  
Or leading Student Guild ;  
At social functions, great or small,  
The place she ably fills.

*The SENIOR BOOK.*

---

CAROLINE WILKINSON

Caroline loves all library work,  
Its methods she's made her own.  
She catalogs and classifies and verifies each tome ;  
She enters notes on neat P. slips,  
She arranges them by sub-heads ;  
And then, to make them seem more real,  
She gives them a title page.

ALICE WOOD

Elle aime bien la langue française,  
Et aussi il est vraie ;  
Un livre français en bas son tête,  
Tous les nuits est placé.

ETHEL WOOLDRIDGE

Some call her Ethel, but we know  
That what she really likes,  
Is to have us all address her  
By her other name of "Spikes."





PUNCH.

















